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AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1895.

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A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE — II.

The condensation of the "Athenæum" summary of European literary productivity during the past year, begun in our last issue, will now be completed by a consideration of the reports from Italy and Spain, Greece and Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Russia.

That a new poet has arisen in Italy is the cheering announcement of the Commendatore Bonghi, who writes of things Italian in this series of articles. Sig. Giovanni Pascoli, a professor at Leghorn, is the individual in question, and his volume is called "Myricæ" — a suggestion of the Virgilian

"Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ."

Chastity and simplicity are the leading notes of this poet, although the simplicity is of thought rather than of style. Sig. Alfredo Bacelli's "Vittime e Rebelli" is also a meritorious volume of verse, and not as socialistic as the title would indicate. Sig. Carducci's ode to the city of Ferrara, written on the occasion of the tercentenary of Tasso's death, is, of course, the most important poetical product of the year in Italy. The Tasso celebration, indeed, "has been the principal literary excitement of the twelve months," and has evoked many publications. Chief of these is the three-volume work by Professor Solerti, which includes both the life and the correspondence of the poet. Other Tasso publications are: three volumes of Sig. Solerti's critical edition, Sig. Prinzivalli's "Torquato Tasso a Roma" and "Torquato Tasso nella Vita e nelle Opere," Sig. Prote's "Rinaldo," and Sig. Carducci's critique of the "Aminta." Only one novel of the year is found deserving of praise, that one being Sig. Rovetta's "La Baraonda," an "exceedingly clever picture of the *coulisses* of political life." "Piccoli Schiavi Bianchi," by Sig. G. Errico, is a collection of short stories "dealing with the troubles and sorrows of the poorer classes." The following paragraph about Sig. d'Annunzio is of considerable interest: "According to a French interviewer, he is now contemplating a series of novels which will be called 'I Gigli.' He intends to publish these exclusively in

French, because he thinks that only French readers have ever really understood him. This is as good as saying that he does not wish these novels to appear in his own language. Nevertheless the first of the series, 'La Vergine alle Roccie,' is undoubtedly coming out in 'Il Convito,' a very dainty periodical, in which the school of 'Young Italy' displays its prowess. I cannot pretend to criticize it, as 'Il Convito' is at present only in its third number, and it is impossible to say how 'La Vergine' will turn out."

Don Juan Riaño, writing of Spain, begins with an account of the work being done by the Royal Academy of History, and the remarkable activity recently shown in historical, archæological, and topographical fields. Even the novelist, Señor Galdos, figures in this department with his "Cuarenta Leguas por Cantabria." The colonies also continue to occupy the attention of many writers. "Columbus's quatercentenary has passed away, and yet most of the periodical publications, collections of documents, reviews, and so forth, started on account of it, go on still printing papers and tracts (nay, works in three or more volumes) exclusively relating to America." Señor Dupuy de Lôme has recently published an account of the war between China and Japan. Spanish poetry is in a state of decay, and the "long-winded epic" seems "doomed to disappear altogether." In the drama, there have been two comedies by Señor Echegaray — "La Monja Descalza" and "Mancha que Limpia." The "Teresa" of Señor Alas and the dramatization of "Torquemada y San Pedro," by Señor Galdos, have both proved failures. Some plays have been written in Catalan and produced at Barcelona, and we are told that the Catalan is "spreading more than ever in the eastern provinces of the Peninsula." In fiction, Señor Pereda's "Peñas Arriba" and Señor Valera's "La Buena Fama" have been well received, while the great success of the year has been Father Coloma's "Retratos de Antaño," which is rather more history than fiction, and might fairly be called "Memoirs of the Court of France at the End of the Eighteenth Century." The author closes with a somewhat lengthy discussion of Cervantes literature and the problems recently raised in connection with the immortal author of "Don Quijote." The most important book in this department seems to be "Cervantes Vascófilo," a vindication from the charge that Cervantes thought and wrote disparagingly of the Basques.

We do not expect much literature from modern Greece, but Professor Lambros gives us an interesting article upon the subject. Among the books which he enumerates are a treatise on "Greek Metres," by Professor Semitelos; a "History of Greek Literature," by Professor Mistriotis; some "Studies of Byzantine History from the First to the Final Conquest of Constantinople," by Mr. Paul Callegás; a "History of Athens from the Birth of Christ to A. D. 1821," by Mr. George Constantinides; a work on "Popular Cosmographic Myths," dedicated to Professor E. Curtius by the author, Professor Nicolaus Politis; and the second volume of the "Memoirs of Alexander Rhangabé," coming down to 1856. "Most engagingly, sometimes imaginatively, written, this book helps to illuminate the history of modern Greece, more especially of its civilization, and furnishes much that is novel with regard to those incidents in which the author himself bore a part." In *belles-lettres*, there is little that is noteworthy. Mr. Ephtaliotis has produced a collection of dialect "Island Stories," and Mr. Passojannis, in his "First Fairy Tales," a volume of dialect popular legends. The tragedy of "Fausta," by Mr. D. Bernardakis, is the foremost poetical work of the year.

The celebration, last February, of Herr Jókai's seventieth birthday provides Herr M. L. Katscher with an appropriate introduction to his report upon Hungarian literature. Thirty volumes have appeared of the "jubilee edition" of Jókai, to be followed by seventy more. Of Herr Bródy, perhaps "our second-best novelist," a twelve-volume edition has been published, besides a new novelette, "Snow-white." The following new works of fiction are noteworthy: "Occidental Tales," by Herr Herczeg; "The Destruction of Nineveh," by Herr Ambrus; "King Midas," by the same author; "The Key of the Temple," by Herr Tábori; and "The Life of the Pöhölys," by Herr Gárdonyi. Several volumes of poetry are briefly characterized, and two or three plays, among the latter Herr Várady's iambic tragedy of "Charitas." "Its diction is splendid." "In anticipation of the millennial celebration, in 1896, of the foundation of Hungary, a grand 'Millennial National History of Hungary' is being issued in many volumes, three of which have already seen the light. It is being written by various eminent historians—Professor Marczali among the rest —splendidly got up, illustrated with thousands of pictures, excellently edited by Herr Sándor Szilágyi, and published by the Hungarian

Athenæum Society. The same Society issues a similar monumental work by many writers, entitled 'Illustrated History of Literature,' and having a biographical basis."

Bohemia, too, has had its literary centennial during the year, according to Dr. J. Krejci, this honor having been bestowed upon the memory of Paul Joseph Safarik, historian, archæologist, and philologist. As for the literature of the twelvemonth, it is rich in belletristic work. "Two volumes of verse, 'Here Roses ought to Blow' and 'Magdalena,' by Mr. J. S. Machar, are the most conspicuous productions of last year. The former contains a series of beautiful lyrics, passages from the lives of suffering women; the latter, scenes from the romance of a girl who, without any fault of her own, had been thrown into the gutter." Mr. Svatopluk Cech's "Songs of a Slave" is a volume that has gone through twenty-three editions in three or four months. "Freedom and liberty are the writer's themes, and therefore the interest his verses have awakened is easily explained, considering our peculiar political circumstances. His lyrics have an eminently political tendency — the author has himself acknowledged this—and they have struck the right chord." Many other books of poetry are named, but those we have mentioned seem the most important. Bohemian writers of fiction have been "especially diligent in writing stories of family and country life." "Mr. A. E. Muzík's 'Ruins of Life' contains some simple but touching pictures of human misery. Mr. K. V. Rais describes in 'Forgotten Patriots' some of the best and noblest, though unacknowledged workers in the national cause. The same author's pictures of highland life, under the title of 'Toil,' are marked by the warm-hearted feeling which characterizes him. Mr. Klostermann's story 'From the World of Forest Solitudes' introduces the reader to the depths of the Bohemian Forest, while another of his tales, perhaps the best of them, 'In Search of Good Fortune,' treats of the life of Bohemians who reside in Vienna, which is to many of them a foreign soil." The works of the *savants* are mostly continuations or new editions, and Bohemian scholarship is also represented by new historical and geographical reviews.

Dr. Belcikowski tells us, what we might have been shrewd enough to guess, that "The Polaniecki Family," by Mr. Sienkiewicz, is the most important contribution to the Polish literature of the year. Under the title "Children of the Soil," this work was reviewed by us some weeks ago. The following paragraph embodies the most important remaining news of Polish fiction: "Mr. J. Zacharyasiewicz, who has just celebrated his fortieth year of literary work, is still, in spite of his years, busy, maintaining his well-merited reputation by new efforts, and has in the last twelve months brought out three new volumes: 'Under the Three Governments,' 'Orion and Chrysanthema,' a cutting satire on the naturalistic school of the present day, and above all, the novel 'Bread,' to which the political condition in recent years of Prussian Poland forms a background that is depicted with much skill. In a similar manner, but with a considerable infusion of satire, the celebrated Mr. T. T. Jez has in his romance 'Elizabeth' portrayed the condition of Galicia." Besides these novels, mention is made of "Begun in the Morning," a "combination of realistic truth with a cheerful optimism," by Mr. Gawalewicz; "Cotton," a story of an industrial town, by Mr. Kosiakiewicz; and "The Golden Chains" of Mr. Gomulicki, "the highly esteemed lyrical poet and writer of short stories." The drama has not flourished of late in Poland, only a few second-rate plays being named; on the other hand, Mr. Kaszewski has made a new translation, "which meets all artistic and literary requirements," of the tragedies of Æschylus. Mr. K. Tetmajer has come to the front with a new volume of poems. "He possesses a powerful fancy and integrity of feeling, yet most of his poems express an inner doubt and skepticism or an intoxication of the senses." "Sobieski before Vienna" is a noteworthy poem by "Deotyma," a lady of the later Romantic School. Finally, we must not fail to record the completion of the four-volume life of Mickiewicz, by his son.

The last country upon our list is Russia, and Professor Paul Milyoukov is the correspondent from the great Empire of the North. Fully half of his article is devoted to an account of economic and social discussion, the general tendency of which, in Russia, appears to be rather toward collectivism in one form or another. In *belles-lettres* "the past year has produced nothing of capital importance." A novel by Mr. Boburikin (not named), one by Mr. Mamin-Sibiriak, entitled "Bread," and Count Tolstoy's "Master and Man," are the chief representatives of the year's fiction. Mr. Korolenko, who recently made a trip to England and America, has published "A Free Fight in the House," a semi-literary commentary on a well-known

incident in the House of Commons"; and "Without a Tongue," which is "descriptive of a charming and touching incident in the life of some Western Russian peasant emigrants, hopelessly lost amidst what was to them the strange population of New York." Amongst scholarly works, special prominence is given to "The Origins of Contemporary Democracy," by Mr. Kovalevski; and "The Russian Historical Epos," by Mr. Jdanof. The following facts seem to us of peculiar significance: "The great awakening of interest in reading and self-culture in all classes of society, to which I referred in my last article, is confirmed this year by observation and facts. Inquiries amongst people connected with and interested in rural schools have revealed the existence everywhere of a profound interest in education amongst the rural population. The interest taken by the higher classes of the reading public is brought to light in the recently issued work by Mr. Rubakin entitled 'A Study of the Russian Reading Public,' as well as by the great success attained by the Moscow Commission for the Organization of Home Reading, which has scarcely commenced work and has already issued three editions of its 'Programme of Home Reading,' or about 25,000 copies. Besides endeavoring to give a direction to home reading, the Commission has made the first attempt to introduce another form of university extension by causing public lectures to be delivered in the provinces by travelling lecturers. Parallel with this movement the issue of popular works on science has made great strides, though these are as yet principally translations."

THE RECENT DEATH ROLL.

Few men have so endeared themselves to the American people as Dr. George F. Root of Chicago, who died at his summer home on the Maine seacoast, the sixth of this month. To "write the songs of the people" has been held by excellent authority to be a nobler function than that of the statesman; and Dr. Root was our song-writer at a time when song was most needed. Not a composer of music in any very high sense, he yet knew what chords would find responsive echo in the popular heart, and his gift was not grudgingly bestowed. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "The Vacant Chair" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom" are as much a part of our lives as "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner," and we shall not forget to cherish the memory of the man to whom we owe them.

On the first of August the news came of the death of Heinrich von Sybel, the great German historian, at the age of seventy-seven. He was born in 1817, at Düsseldorf, and studied at Berlin under Ranke. He occupied chairs at Bonn, Marburg, and Munich. He also took a prominent part in politics, joining forces with the liberals. His greatest work is his "Geschichte der Revolutionszeit," in five volumes, brilliant in style and sound in scholarship, which mainly occupied him for a score of years. He also wrote an "Entstehung des Deutschen Königthums," and numerous books of less importance. He was the founder, in 1856, of the "Historische Zeitschrift," and director of the Prussian State Archives.

The death of Julius Zupitza, on the sixth of July, coming so soon after the loss of Ten Brink, is a heavy blow to English scholarship in Germany. Born in 1844, he died at the early age of fifty-one. His academic posts were at Oppeln, Breslau, Vienna, and Berlin, and he filled the latter for nearly twenty years. His English studies were very numerous, and among them we should mention his edition of the "Elene," his "Ælfric's Grammar," his facsimile "Béowulf," and his "Romance of Guy of Warwick." One of his English friends thus writes of him in "The Athenæum": "He was a highly gifted, enthusiastic, yet methodical teacher, lucid in exposition, painstaking, extremely kind, encouraging, and helpful. He had the highest conceptions of the aims of university teaching and study; his instruction was eminently effective, yet he never stooped to using merely utilitarian methods of instruction. He always insisted on the absolute necessity of a truly scientific study of the English language and literature in their historical development, but he no less insisted on his students gaining a thorough knowledge of the present state of the language and of the masterpieces of modern literature, and he would urge them to make themselves familiar with English life and manners, if possible, by visits to this country."

Mr. G. C. Macaulay, whose discovery of a manuscript claimed to be the lost French poem of Gower we noted some weeks ago, now writes to the "Academy" summarizing the reasons in support of his claim. He says, in part: "The title, the number of divisions, and the contents of the book, all correspond exactly with the account given by Gower of his own work. The author is an Englishman and a layman, and the French in which he writes is the same in all essential points with that of Gower's acknowledged French poems. At the same time, in its style and manner of treatment, this book most strikingly resembles the other acknowledged works of Gower. Finally, the book abounds with passages which occur also in the 'Confessio Amantis' or in the 'Vox Clamantis,' and of the few stories which it contains most are reproduced in the 'Confessio Amantis.'" Mr. Macaulay's argument, which is developed at much length, and enforced by copious quotations from the newly-discovered poem, may be found in "The Academy" for July 27 and August 3.

The New Books.

England in Tudor Times.*

Mr. Traill's third volume † carries the story of England's progress forward through the sixteenth century — the century of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth; of Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell; of Erasmus, Colet, and Sir Thomas More; of William Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake; of Cranmer, Hugh Latimer, William Tyndale, and John Knox; of the group of poets and prose writers whose work gave the name of Augustan to this period of English literature. It is a century full of adventure and of change, of things to interest and of things to instruct. Great names and great deeds crop out over it, as "Ik Marvel" has said, as thickly as leaves grow in summer. It is the first century of distinctively modern times; the period when the transition from the spirit of mediævalism to that of modern commerce was becoming manifest, and not only changes were taking place in the industrial and the political world, but revolutions were developing in the religious, and above all in the social, life of the people, — revolutions which brought into England a "new learning" and a Renaissance, a new church and a new state, a new home and a new school, a new industrial relation and commercial connection, and a new society. Thus is evident at once the need and the difficulty of a scientific treatment of the facts and factors of this great period, as affording a guide to the work of present-day social reform.

Mr. Traill's purpose is clearly manifested in the titles he has given to the successive chapters: "The Old Order Changed," "The New Forces," "The New Order," and "The Expansion of England." He and his co-laborers seek to show how the preceding causes made subsequent results inevitable. They endeavor to separate the forces which were fundamental and permanent, from the temporary incidents in the story. They fail in this, just because the controversial character of the period makes the personal equation more difficult to calculate; as it is for this very reason that history has constantly to be rewritten. Each succeeding generation, and each new reading of the inscriptions on the walls, makes possible a clearer view of the essential elements in human progress.

The real historical significance of Tudor absolutism lies in the fact that by it England was steered safely through the revolutionary period of the sixteenth century. The storm of feudal controversy in the Wars of the Roses had prepared the way; the culmination of the change, as the nations of Europe passed from the mediæval to the modern mould, made the strong central power unnecessary. Before his death Henry VIII., "without an army, without an independent revenue, with no open breach in constitutional forms, was exercising over a nation, still proud of its instincts of freedom and jealous of political innovation, a self-willed authority that amounted to a real despotism" (p. 1). Men like Wolsey and Cromwell were instruments in his hands to be used in the building of a fabric of absolutism against which neither the Church nor Parliament, neither the aristocracy nor the third estate, was in a position to make a stand.

"The bishops' courts, the privileges of sanctuary and clergy, had all been 'blown upon' under Henry VII.; and now the vast wealth and separate Parliament of the clerical estate, its alleged ownership of one-fifth of English land, its dominance in the peerage (where the spiritual lords still numbered forty-eight out of eighty-four), its hold on political power through the almost unbroken succession of clerical ministers, as chancellors, keepers, and presidents of council, all provoked the cry 'Restrain'" (p. 49).

So Henry restrained. The new church became dependent on the crown, and the great lay classes gained a social victory over the clerical estate which they have ever since maintained. The new nobility was entirely dependent upon the crown.

"A personal nobility, indebted for their rank, their emoluments, their importance, and their employment, to their personal services about the king,—enriched by wardships, by marriages, by forfeitures, by stewardships in the royal demesnes, continually augmented by impeachments of the older houses,— owed everything to the king. . . . As time went on, the ranks of the nobility were opened to merchants, lawyers, borough magistrates, and manufacturers,—men who, risen from small fortunes, had been enriched by the confiscation of the monastic property. And thus it came about that from the ranks of the courtiers and from the middle classes arose a nobility which owed its position to wealth or to the favor of the king — a nobility which was for many years utterly powerless to check the absolutism of the crown" (p. 32).

Perhaps the chief practical significance of a

*Social England. A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L. Volume III. From the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Elizabeth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's.

†See The Dial, Vol. XVIII., No. 205, pp. 15–17.

study of this century lies, however, in the light it throws on the lines of commercial development. A revolution was going on, in agriculture and industry, which Henry was powerless to direct, although his ministers set themselves, all through the reign, to oppose the current tendency, and they were supported by all the preachers and thinkers of the day. Growing wool had become profitable and a commercial spirit was thus infused into agriculture, of which the results were twofold: "First, the breaking up of the old agrarian partnerships, in which lords of the manor, parsons, yeomen, farmers, copyholders, and laborers were associated for the supply of the wants of the villages; and, secondly, the substitution of pasturage for tillage, and of sheep for corn [wheat]." This led to extensive enclosures of common land and to an entirely new relationship between lord and tenant. "Under the old system, it was open to the idleness of one man to cripple the energy of fifty others. To exchange, divide, enclose, and so consolidate the holdings, became the object of the rural aristocracy" (p. 353). This movement was greatly aided, consequently, by Henry's schemes of confiscation from monastery and guild. In the mean time, manufacturing towns were springing up.

"Whilst the old 'corporate' towns are decaying, the 'villages' of Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield were growing in importance,—partly, no doubt, because they were comparatively free from vexatious restrictions. Parliament vainly tried to compel people to work in the old towns. Economic forces were too strong for the Government; in fact, the mediæval organizations of labor were breaking down on all sides. The rise in the price of wool was inducing landlords to turn their arable land into pasture, and this change involved extensive ejectments of agriculturists" (p. 121).

The growth of the spirit of commercialism among Englishmen in the sixteenth century is evidenced further in the changed feeling regarding the taking of interest (usury). The class of capitalist artisans was now developing into a class of capitalist employers; a market was thus created for the productive use of wealth belonging to others. The mutually beneficial agreement to share the profits of the enterprise, and gradually to take a definite percentage on the capital as "interest," was the inevitable result. The forces compelling it lie behind all government, deeply buried in the springs to human activity. Law may direct the current which it is entirely helpless to abolish. This principle is further illustrated by the laws which debased the currency so rapidly and on so great a scale that the shilling issued in 1551 contained less than one-seventh of the amount of fine silver in the shilling of 1527. This naturally threw prices and wages into confusion. A great temptation to counterfeiters aggravated the difficulty of estimating how far the rapacity and ignorance of the dishonest Council might carry debasement of the coin. All this was superadded to the change which must have come with the increase in the supply of the money metals resulting from the Spanish conquests in America. It thus happened that the upper and middle classes derived almost the whole of the increased wealth in the sixteenth century.

All transitions from one industrial pursuit to another are attended with much misery to a large body of the laborers. In this instance, the government persistently interfered to make it harder for agricultural laborers to adapt themselves to the new conditions. The late Professor Rogers goes so far as to hold that even in this century the laborers of England have not recovered the level of the halcyon days of the fourteenth, from which Tudor despotism degraded them.

The classes immediately above the wage-earners, which included small farmers, shopkeepers, and the small employers, naturally profited greatly by the rise in prices, and they greatly increased, both in numbers and wealth, during the reign of Elizabeth.

"Among the upper classes, too, we find many evidences of increased prosperity. The rise in rents was not, indeed, proportionate to the general rise in prices; but the upper classes invested largely in the trading and buccaneering enterprises of the time, which, in spite of frequent losses, brought in on the whole very advantageous returns. Moreover, owing to the spread of commerce, the prices of many luxuries from abroad actually fell, while others only slightly advanced. The upper classes now lived in houses built of brick or stone, with chimneys and glass windows, carpets, cushions, and other comforts, which had been, before Elizabeth's reign, almost unattainable luxuries; and there was a corresponding improvement in their dress and in their food" (p. 548).

It is the articles dealing with food and dress, with manners and customs, amusements, and the like, and contributed to this volume by Miss Bateson, that give the reader the best view of social England. Human life is a growth, a development, an unfolding. Nowhere is this life more clearly registered than in the everyday affairs. Civilization is revealed in the social habits of people in the large cities.

A. B. Woodford.

Darwinism and Race Progress.*

It is easy for most persons to admit a great scientific principle in a general way, without realizing what its application to details really involves. Many, who unhesitatingly accept the great Darwinian principle of Natural Selection, probably have not thought of applying it to sociological questions. Professor Haycraft, in his little book, "Darwinism and Race Progress," makes such an application.

Race and nation are widely different words. A nation may rise and fall without the race or races interested in it being profoundly affected. Our author says:

"It would be quite impossible for our Empire to crumble away from us. It is a political organization dependent upon ties of mutual advantage and sentiment and likewise upon the tolerance and weakness of other nations. But we may lose our colonies and be stripped of our prestige, and yet remain, man for man, as fine individually as when we gained them; for bone, muscle, and brain are one thing, whilst the political union that binds us together is another."

To improve race is the problem. Before we can solve it, we must know the laws of racial change. The fundamental law is selection. It should have free course; the unfit must die, the fit must survive. Nature works constantly to such results. Haycraft says, "leprosy exterminates the unhealthy," "phthisis and scrofula are social friends," "if we stamp out infectious diseases we perpetuate poor types." We are prone in these days of science to point with pride to what we are doing to prolong human life. We speak of a lengthening life average, we decrease infant mortality by improved sanitation, we rob smallpox of its terrors by inoculation. All of this is interesting; nay more, it is wonderful achievement. But what is undoubtedly *individual* gain is racial loss. Lengthening the life of the weak or unfit increases the chances of their leaving behind them weak and unfit progeny. When pestilence sweeps a land but few physically able persons succumb; the survivors are usually the ones whose progeny is desirable. Reducing quantity, the pestilence has distinctly improved quality. The statement appears harsh, but is it not true?

Take a single well-known disease—consumption. Of it our author says:

"Now this phthisical type is very common with us indeed, and it appears to be an innate variation to which our race is liable. It is evident, therefore, that those people with the tuberculous variation who, even under the present circumstances, manage to contribute their quota to the population, would, were the bacillus tuberculosus altogether exterminated, contribute more than their share, and the type would become more common. And let it be remembered that this type, apart from the action of the bacillus, is a delicate and fragile one and liable to other affections, and the effect of giving the type any advantage in the struggle for life would surely imperil the well-being of the future of the race."

"The finest races are bred by hardship." Hardship destroys the fragile and weak, leaving the strong, hardy, and vigorous to continue the race.

The race begins already to feel the results of preventive medicine. Insanity and nervous derangement increase wherever civilization goes with germicides, inoculation, and sanitation. Well-meant agitations and reforms tend to dangerous ends. What is alcoholism?—"a habit, a sign of mental instability." "Drink is a selective agency" destroying early and surely a class of persons whose continued existence is a menace to the race. Drunkenness is symptomatic of unbalancement. What results must follow and have followed prohibitory legislation? In Maine we find insanity, pauperism, crime, on the increase at an abnormally large rate; in Kansas "there were more prisoners in its penitentiary and county jails in proportion to population in 1890 than there were in 1880," and it has a larger ratio of prisoners to population than its neighboring states; in an Iowa town, where wine could not be had for a communion service, opium dens flourished for poor wretches whose craving for liquor could not be satisfied. Students of ethnology know into what insane methods of intoxication Mohammedans have been driven by the Koran prohibition of wine. Whole districts in Ireland are to-day given over to ether drinking because of Father Matthew's phenomenal success in his temperance crusade. The whole matter lies in a nutshell in this statement:

"Excessive drinking can only be looked upon as a symptom of a debilitated or depraved nature, which, without access to drink, would show itself depraved in other ways, and which, if artificially kept sober and assisted thereby to live, will tend to perpetuate itself and widen the circle of its depravity."

The author then studies the criminals and incapables, whom at present we seem to prefer to help to live and leave descendants. He shows in a study of competition how the ranks of the unfortunate are constantly recruited. Success to-day, in civilization, is not sure to go to the best — unless by best we mean the "pushing and diplomatic," the possessor of "talons and

*Darwinism and Race Progress. By John Berry Haycraft. "Social Science Series." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

claws." Still worse, "talent is being bred out of us," for the successful career in modern life "carries with it and necessitates relative sterility." Among animals the fit are the ones who produce many and healthy young; among men, "the capable and successful are rewarded by honor and wealth, but are relatively sterile, and the man that society is inclined to overlook contributes a large percentage to the race of the future."

All of which no doubt sounds to some pessimistic and gloomy. Haycraft has his panacea. He does not demand relaxation in efforts to save individuals; he cannot help us at one sweep of the arm to rid ourselves of the insane, criminal, and incapable. He would have high-minded but diseased persons refrain from marriage; he would have the bad and insane prevented from marriage or restricted in the production of children; he would have the truly capable careful in selection of life partners, early in marrying, and conscientious in their duty as producers of children. With such steps taken, the unfit would soon disappear and the race would advance.

The book will hardly meet an enthusiastic reception: it contains far too much of good, hard, common-sense. The author is thoroughly in earnest. His style is direct, forcible, interesting. However sound his argument may be, it will probably have little direct result. But he will set many to thinking, and it is well that some one should show us quite fearlessly and clearly that Darwinism cannot stop just where we might like, and that Natural Selection affects man in society as much as any species or variety of animal.

FREDERICK STARR.

LARNED'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF HISTORY.*

When the first two volumes of Mr. Larned's "History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading" were noticed in THE DIAL [September 16, 1894], the promise was made that the work when completed would add to the reference books already in existence a most valuable guide to the broad domain of history. We find this promise more than fulfilled in the five imperial volumes now before us, aggregating 3935 pages, completing the work, and, by means of a Supplement included in the fifth volume, bringing it up to within the present year.

By a rough estimate, four thousand historical subjects are fully treated in articles varying in length from a single paragraph to four hundred pages. Thus are included complete histories of all the nations of the earth, past and present, as well as of the smaller political divisions and important cities. Fully twelve thousand titles, chiefly biographical and geographical, are introduced as cross references. An eclectic method has been employed in the preparation of these histories, and the works of experts and specialists have been freely quoted and duly accredited. To do this, fifteen hundred authors have been drawn upon, besides a large number of historical documents and the proceedings of historical societies. From the bibliographical tables in the supplement, it may be seen that over five thousand volumes have been made tributary to the work; and in further aid of the student of history, references are given to double that number of volumes.

All this attests the amount of labor required for the preparation of such a work. That Mr. Larned, who planned this reference library of history and has carried it forward to its successful completion, was amply equipped for the task, has been evident from the start. His connection with public libraries has given him an exhaustive knowledge of the sources of historical information and ready access to the necessary materials for his work. Close scrutiny of the result proves that he has made a most judicious use of his materials. He has been especially liberal in his choice of subjects, and careful that his work should be as comprehensive as possible and that nothing pertaining to the field of history should be overlooked. The following subjects, fully treated, exhibit the wide scope he has given to his work: Education, Electrical Discovery, Factory Legislation, Debt Legislation, Civil Service Reform, Hellenic Genius and Influence, Hieroglyphics, Law, Libraries, Medical Science, Money and Banking, Navigation Laws, Printing and the Press, Social Movements, Tariff Legislation, and (in the Supplement) Commerce. The editor has furthermore furnished transcripts of the constitutions of the various constitutional countries, dynastic genealogies, chronological tables, and every other conceivable aid to the successful pursuit of historical study or reading.

In the performance of his task, Mr. Larned has formed some fortunate alliances. The long

* HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE, from the best Historians, Biographers, and Specialists. By J. N. Larned. With numerous historical maps from original studies and drawings by Alan C. Reiley. In five volumes. Sold only by subscription. Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co.

article on the history of Law was prepared by Professor Austin Abbott, Dean of the New York University Law School. Mr. Alan C. Reilly, an expert in historical geography, has supplied (besides several outline maps and plans) twenty-five ethnographic and historical maps, printed in colors, and exhibiting at a glance the changes history has made in the political divisions of the world at various times.

In its presentation of universal history in convenient encyclopædic form, this work stands alone. The eclectic method pursued is a guaranty of its trustworthiness; but to make assurance doubly sure in that regard, the editor has been careful to introduce the evidence on both sides of such historical questions as are still undecided, and to give references to recognized authorities holding views opposed to those selected for extended presentation. There remains to be applied the *experimentum crucis*, — the use of these volumes as designed by their projector. This we have begun, and thus far have found such satisfactory results as to anticipate a material lightening of the labor heretofore bestowed upon historical research.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

RECENT FICTION.*

That something more is needed in the equipment of a novelist than a pretty talent for the turning of cynical epigrams, or, indeed, than a single pretty talent of any sort, is plainly illustrated by the book to which Mrs. Craigie has given the meaningless title, "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham." It is the only story of any length that the writer has thus far sought to tell, and it breaks down completely when subjected to the tests we are bound to apply to full-fledged works of fiction. There is no description worth speaking of; there is none of that power of characterization which gives inevitableness to the acts of the men and women concerned; there is not very much to be said for the occasional pages of psychological analysis, although what praise the book deserves must be given to this feature and to the general phrase-making therewith associated. But the heaviest indictment against the book must be based upon the fact that its main interest centres about a woman of type so loathsome that it is questionable whether it ought even to appear in fiction, and quite certain that it should be presented, if at all, with some measure of decent reserve.

We are accustomed to such deep draughts of fiction from Mrs. Humphry Ward, to canvases so large and filled so full with faithful detail, that "The Story of Bessie Costrell," being nothing more than a novelette, makes a disappointing impression, in spite of the fineness of its conception and execution. It is a village tragedy, combined with a study of the peasant character as it exists in the midland districts. The central incident is the theft of an old man's hoarded savings — as in "Silas Marner," which it naturally suggests — and the pathos is in both cases almost unbearable. The wretched woman who steals the money is a carefully studied type, but somehow comes just short of being a genuine creation. There is no doubt, however, of the fine quality of the constructive art displayed in these pages, and no living novelist would need to be ashamed of having written them.

"Into the Highways and Hedges" is a title that straightway suggests the theme of the book that bears it. The story is of an itinerant evangelist of fanatical type, yet a man of singular simplicity, directness,

* THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND LORD WICKENHAM. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co.

INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE IMPREGNABLE CITY. A Romance. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE MARTYRED FOOL. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE PRINCE OF BALKISTAN. By Allen Upward. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. A Novel. By George Gissing. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ALMAYER'S FOLLY. A Story of an Eastern River. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A LOST ENDEAVOR. By Guy Boothby. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER. By Guy Boothby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE ZEIT-GEIST. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MERMAID. A Love Tale. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AN ERRANT WOOING. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Co.

WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC. The Story of a Lost Napoleon. By Gilbert Parker. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

DIPLOMATIC DISENCHANTMENTS. A Novel. By Edith Bigelow. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE PLATED CITY. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED. Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntoon, Esqr., Sometime an Officer in the Colony of Virginia. Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

DOCTOR GRAY'S QUEST. By Francis H. Underwood, LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

IN DEACON'S ORDERS, and Other Stories. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CELIBATES. By George Moore. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE GOLDEN AGE. By Kenneth Grahame. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

HIPPOLYTE AND GOLDEN-BEAK. Two Stories. By George Bassett. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GRAY ROSES. By Henry Harland. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE PHANTOMS OF THE FOOT-BRIDGE, and Other Stories. By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: Harper & Brothers.

and force withal. His mission takes him now to the morally benighted rural districts, now to the slums of London, and, since the period chosen is the middle of the present century, the conditions he meets with are greatly different from those of the present day. Among those to whom his message makes a personal appeal is a young girl of refinement and good social position, unhappy in her home surroundings, and impulsive enough to renounce them for the sake of sharing, as his wife, the hard existence of the preacher. It is an unpromising theme, and Miss Montrésor achieves something of a triumph in compelling our sympathetic acceptance of so unnatural a relation. The simplicity, the courage, and the moral energy of the illiterate preacher end by winning the reader's heart as they win the heart of the heroine, and these two types, at least, are delineated with real insight into the workings of character. The remaining features of the book are rather mechanical, and we get no very vivid realization of the other persons concerned. But the conception of the whole thing is a fine one, emphasizing, as it constantly does, the fact that genuine worth is largely independent of the accidents of birth and breeding.

Tales of the marvellous can nearly always count upon an audience, and Mr. Max Pemberton is an adept in their narration. His marvels, to be sure, are of the rational sort made possible by science, but for that reason none the less impressive. His notion of an "Impregnable City," built upon a rocky island in the South Pacific, and made by its founder (an enthusiast of the Count Tolstoy type) a city of refuge for the oppressed of all nations, is sufficiently novel to keep the interest alert, and the story is told with vivid coloring and dramatic effect. The love passages of the story are rather thin and unreal, but there is no doubt of the exciting quality of the chapters which depict the siege of the City and its downfall.

In "The Martyred Fool," Mr. Christie Murray has given us a careful study of an anarchist of the practical modern sort, and an account of the condition and influences which are at work in society, and which are adequate here and there to shape a character of this, at first, seemingly inexplicable type. The first part of the book shows us our anarchist in embryo, a child in the Australian bush, living in extreme poverty, learning from his parents only one thing—that the rich are always and everywhere the oppressors of the poor, taking the lesson deep into his passionate heart, a child to whom the trial and execution of his father for murder appear only in the light of a triumphant substantiation of the truth of that lesson; here is enough to account for the anarchistic predisposition, at least. In the second part, the boy, befriended and provided with an education, has grown to be a man, but his associations have been such as to confirm the prejudiced and bitter view of the social structure impressed upon him as a child, and a small group of desperate conspirators, making Paris their headquarters, find in him a ready tool. At the last moment, however, realizing the essential baseness of the work that he has rashly undertaken to perform, and at the same time furious at the discovery that his associates have tricked him, he turns the bomb with which the crime was to have been committed into an instrument of destruction for himself and for the more hardened criminals who have urged him on. The whole story is told with directness and dramatic effect, and the hero, little deserving of sympathy as he is, gets enough of it to remain throughout an object of interest. Abhorrence for the ideas and practices of the anarchist are not altogether incompatible with a certain degree of respect for his courage and his devotion to what he believes to be the cause of justice. This seems to us to be one of the best of Mr. Murray's many books, and at the same time one of the best of the recent novels of "underground Europe." It is far from reaching the level of Mr. Black's "Sunrise," for example, but it is also well above the level of the merely sensational stories of similar theme that have become so abundant of late.

"The Prince of Balkistan" is not so distinctly raised above that level, and in some of its scenes becomes the merest melodrama. But a slight measure of redemption may be claimed for it on behalf of its variety of ingenious incident, and the freshness of some of its material. Balkistan is one of the Balkan States, and its Prince is a German placed upon the throne in accordance with the will of the people whom he governs, but in defiance of the wishes of Russia. The reference to recent happenings in Southeastern Europe is so obvious throughout that there is no real disguise in any of the proper names devised by the author. The story is essentially one of intrigue and adventure, well-planned and exciting.

It is difficult to justify the existence of a book that makes its readers think meanly of mankind, although it possess all the virtues of finished style, symmetrical construction, and vital characterization. Since Mr. Gissing's newest fiction, "In the Year of Jubilee," makes not the slightest approach to any of these forms of excellence, and since its chief characters are without exception sordid and vulgar examples of humanity, the most complaisant of critics would find some difficulty in finding anything to praise. Mr. Gissing's portrayals of low and middle-class life in England are, with their dull realism, about as uninviting as anything that we have lately been called upon to contemplate, and the present example seems to be the worst of them all.

The story of "Almayer's Folly" takes us to so remote a place as Borneo, and tells the sombre tragedy of a Dutch trader, seeking a fortune that ever eludes him, and living unhappily with a Malay wife. Almost as much interest attaches to his daughter, in whose nature the strain of Malay savagery struggles with the European, and finally as-

serts its mastery. Deserting her parents for the caresses of a native lover, she crushes the last hope remaining to her father, and leaves him to the ministries of gin and opium that soon put an end to his miserable life. The Malay and Arab characters that figure in the narrative seem to be portrayed with fidelity to their respective racial types, and, by their contrast with the European, enforces once more the lesson that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

It might be a little rash to say that the place of Louis Stevenson, as a biographer of the beach-comber and a chronicler of life in the isles of the Southern Seas, had been already filled, but it is certain that it has a not unworthy occupant in Mr. Guy Boothby, two novels by whom are before us. While these books have not the felicity of style characteristic of "The Ebb-Tide," and while they make occasional concessions to the lower instincts of novel-readers—such, for example, as letting us know that the heroes in both cases are English noblemen in disguise — that Stevenson, with his healthy democratic instincts, would never have made, yet they curiously reproduce in many ways the schooling of their unacknowledged but unquestionable exemplar. Of the two, "A Lost Endeavor" is the slighter performance, but perhaps the more artistic in the working out. In "The Marriage of Esther," there are more loose ends, so to speak, more trains of suggestion started by the novelist and left for the reader to do what he can with. But both books are distinctly clever performances, and their author is a man whom we are likely to have to reckon with during the next few years.

Neither "The Zeit-Geist" nor "The Mermaid" will add anything to the reputation gained for Miss Dougall by her two earlier novels. The former is hardly a story at all, but rather a theological disquisition of mystical flavor; the other is so clumsy in its machinery that it keeps a reader continually out of patience. Both books are characterized by preoccupation with religious matters, and the writer seems to be struggling, not so much for suitable expression as for a distinct realization in her own mind of certain fundamental religious problems. This imperfect mastery of her material, coupled with much amateurishness and unnatural solemnity, prevents Miss Dougall's work from making a deep impression. It is too strenuous to be forcible, too monotonous to be attractive. Its main interest is to be found in its glimpses of everyday life in the Provinces of Lower Canada.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has allowed a fantastic imagination to run riot in his tale of the year "When Valmond Came to Pontiac." Yet utterly preposterous as is the conception of the story, it is told with such grace of diction and intensity of feeling that we are constrained for the moment to accept the hero and his claims, to sympathize with him in his devotion to his cause. For Valmond, coming to the little Canadian village of Pontiac one summer in the late forties, with well-lined purse and the most winning of ways, passes himself off upon the simple village folk as a natural son of the great Napoleon, and with their aid sets about the realization of a mad plan for the raising of an army, and the expulsion of Louis Philippe from the Tuileries. Valmond is represented as the embodiment of an almost fanatical enthusiasm for the Napoleonic idea, and as carrying self-delusion almost to the point of believing in his own claims. His influence upon the Pontiac folk, and the contagion of his enthusiasm, are finely-planned effects in pure romance, and Mr. Parker is to be congratulated upon having achieved a success almost commensurate with the daring of his invention. We do not know that much is gained by telling us, in an epilogue, that Valmond really was, unknown to himself, what he had pretended, and almost believed himself to be. Yet the irony of the revelation, coming after his tragic end, is not without being impressive, and the study of Valmond's character has evidently been made with this explanation in ultimate view.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest novel is in a new vein, for she has chosen, after the fashion of Mr. William Black, to associate with the interest of a love-story the interest of travel in some of the most romantic parts of Europe, and thus to provide a picturesque and varied background for the "Errant Wooing" of her heroes and heroines. Of these there are four, and their story is one of "elective affinities," declared early enough to preserve the conventionalities and avoid post-matrimonial complications. It is pleasant to accompany these well-bred people in their wanderings through England, Spain, and Morocco, and to share in their hopes and fears, their ambitions and achievements. The novel is of the "international" genus, and brings into contrast, with no little spicy suggestion, the characteristics of its English and American characters.

The mark of the amateur is upon almost every page of Miss Bigelow's "Diplomatic Disenchantments," yet it seems less of a defect than it usually is, and gives the impression that the writer will soon and easily learn to avoid it. In spite thereof, and equally in spite of a certain carelessness of diction and of slips in the use of foreign words and proper names, there is a charm about this unpretentious story—the charm of freshness and spontaneity, the charm that comes from an observant eye and a vivid sense of the minor humors of life. Then the experiences of an American scholar, suddenly transplanted, rather against his inclination, from the precincts of a New England college to the United States Legation at a European capital, is by no means bad stuff for a novel, especially when the writer is qualified by residence in the capital concerned to write entertainingly and truthfully about it. But we object to her having come so dangerously near to making her minister out to be a simpleton; it was her desire to score a few humorous points, rather than her better judgment, that caused him to be thus

pictured as the embodiment of guilelessness. Some of our national representatives in the diplomatic service abroad do queer things, Heaven knows, but not those belonging to the social stratum in which Miss Bigelow has chosen to find her example of the class.

Mr. Bliss Perry is one of the most promising of the younger Americans who have taken to story-telling, and one takes up with pleasurable anticipations his latest and most ambitious book. "The Plated City" is not so very ambitious, either, for it deals only with a little group of people in a Connecticut manufacturing town, and its plot has but a moderate degree of complication. The most noticeable thing about the book is the careful finish of the workmanship; there is nothing scamped, even in the lesser details. This quality is a source of distinct and unfailing pleasure in itself, and when we add that it is conjoined with good style and excellent taste, an interesting story and shrewd sympathetic character-drawing, we need hardly make in so many words the inference that Mr. Perry has done a very satisfactory piece of work.

One of the most healthful symptoms of our recent literature has been the multiplication of novels based upon the history of our colonial period. Mr. Bynner and Mrs. Austin gave us much admirable writing of this sort, and many others of our late writers have reverted to the scenes and incidents of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Miss Maud Wilder Goodwin, already accredited to literature by her finished study of "The Colonial Cavalier," now joins the ranks of our colonial novelists with "The Head of a Hundred," a story of Virginia in the early seventeenth century. It is an exceptionally graceful piece of work, a love-story told with feeling and insight, imbued with the spirit of its period, and made quaint by effective touches of archaism. The career of the hero is unfolded, in well-ordered sequence, from the time when he seeks the New World to forget the maiden whom he fancies is lost to him, through various exciting episodes of frontier adventure and Indian warfare, to the final reunion with the woman who has loved him all the time, he being too modest or dull-witted to realize it. The book is a very charming one, simple, tasteful, and bathed in the atmosphere of romance.

Dr. Underwood's posthumous novel comes to us as something of a surprise, for we had supposed that the author early in life abandoned fiction as a medium of self-expression. "Quabbin," to be sure, had the semblance of a novel, but the semblance only, for it was evident enough that the real purpose of that remarkable book was the presentation of a social study. "Dr. Gray's Quest," too, has something of this character, and will perhaps be more highly valued for its intimate view of New England town life early in the century than for its qualities as mere narrative. In some of its aspects it is even too intimate to get much sympathy from readers not of the very puritan stock with which it deals, while those who are of that stock will probably exaggerate the merits of the book, and give to constructive art the credit for what is, after all, nothing more than keen observation and close comprehension of a bygone phase of American life, clothed in the mellow wisdom of philosophic age. For the present writer, it is no easy task to characterize this book, so strong is its personal appeal, yet we are compelled to recognize the fact that it has many faults, that some of its incidents are highly improbable and some of its characters very imperfectly vitalized; that the action is stiff throughout, and the method old-fashioned in the bad sense as well as the good. On the other hand, the general plan is well-conceived and even striking, while two or three at least of the leading figures are strongly individualized.

Of the many volumes of short stories brought forth by the past few months, few seem deserving of special mention. We have chosen half a dozen of them, English and American, that seem to call for consideration in this article. Sir Walter Besant shall head the list with "In Deacon's Orders and Other Stories." There are eleven pieces in this collection, that which gives it a title being the most important. The author calls it a study in "religiosity," a word which is hardly adequate to express the consummate rascality and hypocrisy combined of its principal character. The remaining stories are slight productions, and two or three have a distinct flavor of allegory. They are marked by ease and fluency, much fertility of invention, and wholesomeness of tone.

Mr. George Moore's three studies of "Celibates" are as distinctly unwholesome as Sir Walter's tales are wholesome. They have a certain finish of style, and attempt a subtlety of analysis that we should hardly expect of Sir Walter, but the sane outlook of the latter is a far more desirable equipment than Mr. Moore's jaundiced vision. Indeed, it takes as ugly a word as bestial to characterize the imagination revealed in the worst scenes of this book. There is nothing edifying, or even attractive, about the sickly types of manhood and womanhood that fill Mr. Moore's gallery; they are "degenerates" of a peculiarly disagreeable sort. The author's impressionist method, moreover, is as unsatisfactory in an artistic sense, as, from a moral point of view, is his choice of subjects.

To turn from Mr. Moore's pages to those of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, in "The Golden Age," is like passing from the miasmatic exhalations of a swamp to the fragrant air of some daisy-starred adjoining meadow. Mr. Grahame's "golden age" is the one in which we have all lived for a brief space, the age when the world was full of wonder, and the imagination doubted not of its own creations. But few of us, when we have outlived it, are able to erect once more in thought the structure of that age, its form and pressure; the once firm outlines are irrevocably lost, and the passion of our regret clings to images that are but shifting, and to memories

whereof we may not understand why they remain so dear. Mr. Grahame is one of the few fortunate to whom, in manhood, the child's point of view remains yet accessible, and these little stories or sketches, that so irresistibly command alternate smiles and tears, are unmatched by anything that we know of, unless it be Stevenson's volume of childhood verse. No descriptive words can do justice to the exquisite art of this lovely book—to the charm of its style, the gentleness of its irony, the lambency of its humor, or the deep tenderness of its feeling. Such sketches as "A Harvesting," "The Argonauts," and "The Roman Road" are classics in miniature, to be read and reread with ever deepening delight.

There are but two stories in Mr. George Bassett's "Hippolyte and Golden Beak," and the component parts of this title are their respective names. The author, though he writes from the wilds of Wisconsin, appears to be an Englishman. Both stories are well told, and provided with startling *dénouements*. Hippolyte is a precocious French boy who serves as a gentleman's valet, and ends his career with the explosion of a dynamite bomb, snatched and run away with in time to save the lives which it threatened; Golden Beak,— *alias* Mrs. Potwin, is an American *divorcée*, loved by a descendant of the Tokugawa shoguns, and by him murdered, in strange Oriental fashion, when he deems her faithless.

Mr. Henry Harland is, we trust, still an American, although we have lost his presence, and although Yellow Books and Parisian haunts now claim his attention. The "Gray Roses" of his new volume are nine in number. They are tales and sketches tinged with the pathos of retrospect, and prefaced by this "keynote" motto: "Yes, the conception was a rose, but the achievement is a rose grown gray." Several of them are stories of *Pays Latin*, and most of them are infused with the sentiment of the Quarter. "The Bohemian Girl" and "Castles near Spain," first and last in the collection, are probably the most successful of these pieces.

It is a relief to pass from these sketches of a sophisticated civilization to Miss Murfree's pictures of nature and primitive man in the Tennessee mountains. Miss Murfree has turned to the short story once more, and five such stories, finely imaginative, fill the volume before us. The scenes are by this time familiar enough to her readers, but the Rembrandt-like quality of her art has the old fascination, and its essential truthfulness makes it acceptable in spite of its repetitions. Perhaps the grave and studied rhetoric of the descriptive passages is not altogether in keeping with the simple conditions of life that are portrayed, or with the rugged emotional nature of these untutored mountain-folk, but the sum total of the effect is certainly impressive, and reveals one of the most masterly hands now at work in American literature.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A volume of English fishing lore.

Holiday-makers of a piscatorial turn will find Mr. John Bickerdyke's "Days of My Life" (Longmans) a rare book to beguile the evening after a hard day's fishing. Indeed, we should be puzzled to name on short notice another one of the class quite so good. The author, we need scarcely say, is a noted English Brother of the Angle, and his stories are all first-hand and capitally told. They range themselves under the two main headings: "Fresh Water" and "Salt Water," with such pleasantly suggestive minor titles as "Three Thames Trout," "In the Murgthal," "A Glacier Salmon River," "On a May Day," "Trout Problems," "The Bass of the Maelstrom," etc. Several of the papers are of a humorous turn, among them one with the curious title "*Fin-de-Siècle* Fish." *Fin-de-siècle* fish, as we gather from Mr. Bickerdyke, are of no special scientific variety. An outcome of civilization, and found always near great centres of population, their chief characteristic is extreme distrust of man, and consequent indifference to the usual blandishments in the way of bait. If caught at all, it is only by uncouth and unorthodox methods—as in the case of Mr. Bickerdyke's famous *fin-de-siècle* trout. This sagacious fish "had his headquarters opposite a clubhouse on a certain famous stream." Flies innumerable had floated captivatingly, yet harmlessly, above his venerable head; and there was a story that once, in an unguarded moment, getting hooked on a piece of bread, he had quickly "warped" the line round a convenient stump, extracted the hook, and was placidly rising to some natural flies half an hour afterwards. New club-members used to bet they would catch him, and old ones would take their bets and pocket their money, as a matter of course. One day there joined the club a comparative novice who, with a novice's conceit, promptly proposed to catch the *fin-de-siècle* trout. Old members laughed, took his bets as usual, and languidly awaited the result. Next evening the new member arrived provided with many bluebottle flies and (Shade of Walton!) *a peashooter*. He at once began, so to speak, to lay his parallels. Says our author: "Deftly a half-dead bluebottle was puffed out of the tube in front of the fish. It was taken, of course, as everything eatable from a trout's point of view was taken. The fish had a rare supper that evening. . . . He fed the trout in this way for more than a week; the others smiled and looked on. 'I will catch him soon,' said the new member, 'I am only waiting for wind.' In three weeks there came a day when a stiff breeze was blowing up-stream. The new member appeared at the clubhouse with a long, slender rod, with running tackle and a length of fine but strong gut, terminating with a single hook. He took his stand some distance below the fish and began feeding him as usual. On the hook was a bluebottle. Good luck helped our friend, who, however, exhibited some skill. The up-stream breeze took the hooked

fly just over the trout, and the new member at the same time puffed a fly out of the tube. Which would the trout take? Had the rod been in front instead of behind him he would have taken neither. But he did not see the rod, having no eyes in his tail (this has been questioned), and the fly containing the hook was sucked in. How he fought! He died, as wise and grand a specimen of a *fin-de-siècle* fish as has ever been seen in a trout stream." A good deal of English fishing lore may be extracted from Mr. Bickerdyke's book.

Essays by a "Punch" contributor.

"Our Square and Circle" (Macmillan), by "Jack Easel, sometime Punch's Roving Correspondent," is not a treatise on geometry or carpentry, as one may hastily infer from the title. "Mr. Easel's" Square is only Dexter Square, Bayswater; and his Circle is merely that of his acquantances and household. The reader will perhaps "shy" at first at the ominous fact (strangely paraded on the title-page) of the author's "sometime" connection with "Punch"—a journal of rather atrabiliary suggestions to the American mind. We hasten to say, however, that "Mr. Easel's" humor is as remote in quality from the depressing article that forms the staple of that respectable London weekly as it is from the cheap buffoonery of the miscalled "humorous columns" of our own daily papers. "Mr. Easel" is a delightfully amusing and withal refined writer, with a playful, gently-satiric vein, at times almost Thackerayan in quality. His book comprises a series of brief *causeries* on his drawing-room, his sanctum, his books, pets, servants, amusements, etc., spiced with any number of piquant "asides" on all sorts of topics. Evidences of sound taste and sound reading are abundant; and if "Mr. Easel's" standards and preferences in art and letters are not exactly of the ultra "up-to-date" order, our readers are not likely to think the less of him for that. As to painting, for instance, he complains, with much reason: "Old canons of style and grace are forgotten — old standards of excellence are set aside. The one essential condition of success for a *fin-de-siècle* picture is that it shall be original. Group your figures in constrained attitudes — enshroud them with fog or deck them in all the colors of the rainbow: paint your skies red and your meadows blue: show us a sea without ships, knights without courage, youth without joy, love-making without beauty, drapery without texture —'impressions' good, bad, or indifferent — no matter so long as they are *original!*" Had "Mr. Easel," in this passage, written "eccentric" in place of "original" he would seem to have hit the case fairly well. We suspect that "impressionism" (a much-abused term) is made to cover a multitude of sins in the direction of personal incapacity and lack of technical skill; and certainly the ways of Providence are not more inscrutable than is the current vogue of those amazing productions in purple, orange, pink, pea-green, and vermillion, that one is nowadays asked to accept (on trust) as quite peculiarly truthful representations of nature. Luckily, however, every fad has its day; so we may cheerfully expect *pseudo*-impressionism to go the way of good Bishop Berkeley's tar-water and General Pleasanton's blue-glass ere long.

New selections from Coleridge and Shelley.

"The Golden Book of Coleridge" is the happy title chosen by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke to adorn his volume of selections from Coleridge's verse. A golden book it must be that contains "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan," in spite of whatever alloy of the less finished work the editor has thought it wise to include. A feature of the book that must not be overlooked is the remarkable introductory essay, which makes us more impatient than ever for the completion of the author's long-planned and partly executed history of English poetry. The essay is upwards of sixty pages in length, and at least equals the best critical treatment to which the poetry of Coleridge has yet been subject. We cannot refrain from quoting a part of what is said of the poet's opium-eating: "More than enough has been said about it from the moral point of view. The mass of right and gentle-thinking folk are thoroughly sick of the Pharisaic habit in which so many writers indulge, of making the great poets as well as other men of genius the moral object-lessons of mankind, or of using their errors, especially in matters relating to women, as the ground for endless discussions in biographies, reviews, sermons, and the daily press. These discussions minister to the ugliest of all the cravings of Society. . . . The long discussion about Shelley and his wife and Mary Godwin is intolerable, and as uninteresting, except to those whose nectar is scandal and whose ambrosia is gossip. And how wicked it has been! It has turned men's eyes away from the permanent and noble in him to the transient and the commonplace. The reverence due to his work has been lowered, and this is an injury to mankind. Even Matthew Arnold was carried away into a ludicrous attempt to make Shelley vulgar. He might as well have tried to vulgarize the star Arcturus." These are words that have long needed to be said, and we are glad that Mr. Brooke has spoken them with so much emphasis.— We may fitly couple with this volume of Coleridge the similar volume, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, of "The Lyric Poems of Shelley." The editor's introduction is brief but just in its appreciation. Both of these books have the Dent imprint, and are supplied in this country by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Pictures of rustic England.

Mr. William H. Rideing's "In the Land of Lorna Doone" (Crowell) is a pretty, inexpensive book, comprising five brief descriptive papers of a rural and "summery" flavor, which readers with a taste for literary quality will do well to add to their summer's list. The volume takes its title from that of the initial paper, the others being: "In Cornwall with an Umbrella," "Coaching Trips out of London,"

"A Bit of the Yorkshire Coast," and "Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick." Mr. Rideing's graceful and graphic pen seems to bring one very near the rustic England of Abbey and Hugh Thomson — the England, as he says, "of 'The Quiet Life,' of fat meadows, flowing verdure, tiled and thatched cottages, mossy, dripping mill-wheels, hawthorn hedges, inviting inns, and spacious parks, where the beeches and oaks throw out rounded, drooping volumes of foliage, that have the soft density of an exhalation, and where the cuckoo, lark, and nightingale are fearless visitors." The reader who is familiar with the polished, park-like beauties of old England will feel the truth of Mr. Rideing's description. It accentuates, too, it may be added, precisely that note of English landscape which, charm as it may at first, soon palls upon the transatlantic visitor, and awakens a longing for the wilder and less prim and regular beauties of American field and woodland. Very different, however, from English landscape in general is that of the land of "Lorna Doone"— mostly moorland, wild, uncultivated, and solitary, clothed with only gorse, heather, and bracken, or clumps of scrub oaks and dwarf pines, still the haunt and cover of the wild deer. Nearly everyone who visits this country nowadays brings, as a matter of course, Mr. Blackmore's romance with him. "The visitors," says our author, "go forth in the morning, book in hand, and make it the gospel for the day"— which ought to be glory enough for Mr. Blackmore. Mr. Rideing has seasoned his pages with some quaint specimens of rustic dialect. Here is one from Cornwall: "While we were at Penzance a high-pressure sermon was delivered against modern unbelief; and a fisherman who was asked what he thought of the preacher answered, 'Aw! a stunner a was. He es the boy fer the inferels. Iss aw iss; and a sent the sances (sciences) to shivereens too. Es no good fer ould Bardarlaugh or Darby (Darwin) to coom where a is.'" We infer that those ancient temporal and spiritual lords, the "squire" and the "parson," are still strong in Cornwall.

Spiritual life in modern English poetry.

"The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets" (Houghton), by Miss Vida D. Scudder, is a work difficult of characterization in a few words. Attempting, although on a smaller scale and within the limits of a single nationality, what Dr. Brandes has attempted in his "Hovedströmninger," Miss Scudder has sought to isolate for special study such aspects of modern thought as have attracted to themselves the greater part of English poetic energy — such things, for example, as the revolutionary impulse, the new scientific spirit, the sympathetic envisagement of the historical past, and the aspirations of a deanthropomorphized religion. "Let us study," she says, "the influence of science in all our poets; the new democracy, especially in Wordsworth; the early religious and social ideals, especially in Shelley; the power of the past in the poetry of reversion; the power of the present in the ironic art of Browning; the poetry of religious inquiry in its various phases; and, finally, the outlook of faith." This is a praiseworthy programme, even if we may not accept the conclusion, "that the poetry of our age has a vital unity, and witnesses to an advance of the spirit, straight as the logic of experience, from doubt to faith and cheer." Anyone who starts out upon a critical excursion with such a thesis as this to maintain will be apt unconsciously to make the facts fit therewith; and, however plausibly they are arrayed by Miss Scudder in support of her contention, we feel at many points that something might be said upon the other side. Her appreciation of the spiritual elements in Victorian poetry is usually keen and adequate, although she now and then displays a curious blindness, as, for example, toward the social and ethical phases of Mr. Swinburne's work. To speak of him as "acknowledging no sphere but that of the senses and the passions" is the most grotesque of perversions. We are surprised, also, to find no account made of Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti, in which work the "life of the spirit" is surely, if anywhere, to be found. But in spite of some defects, Miss Scudder's book is a noteworthy contribution to poetical criticism, and deserves the careful attention of students.

The new English edition of Balzac.

"La Peau de Chagrin," translated by Miss Ellen Marriage as "The Wild Ass's Skin," inaugurates the new Dent-Macmillan edition of Balzac in English which Mr. George Saintsbury has been engaged to edit and superintend generally. The edition will, we understand, be a practically complete version of the novels, extending to something like forty volumes. Each novel will have a special introduction by the editor,—these introductions forming, with the prefatory essay now published, "a sufficient study of Balzac and a sufficient commentary on his work." We have no doubt that Mr. Saintsbury will fulfil reasonably the boast implied in the above words, and shall await with pleasure his remarks upon the successive volumes. The first volume is well printed, tastefully bound, and provided with three etchings. If it may be assumed to set the standard for the series, the completion of the undertaking will provide English readers with a Balzac far more attractive mechanically than anything existing in French.

Industries of primitive peoples.

Mr. Otis T. Mason, an author profoundly interested in comparative technology, presents us in "The Origins of Invention" (Contemporary Science series, imported by Scribner's Sons) "a study of industry among primitive people." Early man and his companion, early woman, were the great inventors. They found a world to be subdued. Fire was to be discovered and tamed; water was to be harnessed; plants and animals were to be cultivated, domesticated, and improved; materials were to be sought after and utilized. Professor Mason sketches

the history of progress in these and other directions in this truly interesting and suggestive book. The style, though vague at times, is usually pleasing. The descriptions of devices are not always clear. The illustrations are mainly from specimens in the United States National Museum, with which the author is officially connected.

BRIEFER MENTION.

In the "Library of Philosophy," edited by Mr. J. H. Muirhead (Macmillan) there has recently been published a translation, by Miss Helen Dendy, of the "Logic" of Dr. Christoph Sigwart, of Tübingen. The translation is not only authorized, but has been carefully revised by the author. It fills nearly a thousand large pages, divided into two volumes. In comparison with this bulky treatise, Dr. Noah K. Davis's "Elements of Inductive Logic" (Harper) is as a pygmy to a giant, being designed for use as an elementary college text-book. It is a systematic and carefully-written manual.

Two translations of Count Tolstoy's "Master and Man" have reached us. One is translated by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman (Appleton), and has an introduction by Mr. W. D. Howells; the other is the joint production of Miss Yekaterina Alexandrovna Ludwig and Dr. George Bruce Halsted, and is published by "The Neomon," in Austin, Texas. The latter version appears to be the more careful and exact. As for the story, it teaches, in the author's familiar didactic style, the lesson of the common humanity that is shared by the lowest and the highest in the social scale, and exalts the beauty of sacrifice in a singularly touching manner.

Mr. Richard B. Gruelle is the author of a volume of "Notes, Critical and Biographical," upon the famous art collection of Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore. Aside from the artistic feeling and critical insight displayed in no small measure by this work, it appeals to the book-collector by the great beauty of its mechanical execution. The volume is one of over two hundred pages, and is printed in black and red, upon Michallet paper. It is published by Mr. J. M. Bowles, the editor of "Modern Art," in a limited edition, and copies may be had at the absurdly low price of seventy-five cents. We predict that the edition will not last long. The address of Mr. Bowles is 286 Roxbury street, Boston.

"Deutscher Wortschatz; oder, Der Passende Ausdruck," is the title of a sort of German thesaurus prepared by Herr A. Schlessing, and obtainable in this country from Messrs. B. Westermann & Co. Its lists of synonyms and groupings of allied words and expressions make it a very valuable aid for those who have occasion to express themselves in German, or to translate into that language. The work was first published three years ago, and the present is a second and revised edition.

Dr. Morton W. Eastman's "Readings in Gower" is a recent publication of the University of Pennsylvania, obtainable through Messrs. Ginn & Co. Dr. Eastman has been going through the Gower manuscripts in the British Museum, and has made a large number of corrections in the current printed texts. Every owner of Pauli will need this little volume as a supplement, and will be likely to share the author's conviction that a new edition of the "Confessio Amantis" is sorely needed.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The American Historical Review," already announced in these pages, will make its first appearance in October.

Eighty-three titles are included in a list of the books written or edited by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. May he live to complete his century!

Professor James Taft Hatfield reprints from the "Methodist Review," in pamphlet form, a sympathetic critical study of "The Poetry of Wilhelm Müller."

"The Mid-Continent," until recently "The Southern Magazine," has discontinued publication, having sold its subscription list and good will to the publishers of "Scribner's Magazine," who will fill out all unexpired subscriptions.

Mr. J. M. Bowles has moved his beautiful quarterly, "Modern Art," from Indianapolis to Boston, and now inaugurates his third volume with a number dated January 1, 1895. Two more numbers will follow in quick succession, enabling the periodical to "catch up." A new typographical dress makes it more attractive than ever.

A new series of manuals of the history of literature, projected by Mr. Gosse, is promised for the near future. English literature will be taken by the editor, French by Professor Dowden, Italian by Dr. Garnett, Greek by Professor G. G. A. Murray, Japanese by Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, and Modern Scandinavian by Dr. Georg Brandes.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have purchased the library of Mr. Norton Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, and will place it on private sale. There are less than ten thousand volumes in the collection, but the average value is very high. The most famous number is the Caxton "Morte Darthur," the only perfect copy in existence. It is reported that the price paid for the library was $150,000.

The latest addition to the lengthening list of publications issuing from the University of Chicago Press is the first number of "The American Journal of Sociology," a bi-monthly review. The Faculty of Social Science, with Professor Albion W. Small at the head, constitutes the editorial board. The new review presents a dignified appearance and an attractive programme. We congratulate the editors both upon their first number and upon their pioneer occupation of an important field.

Mr. Frederick Saunders, librarian of the Astor Library, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on the thirteenth of August. He is well preserved and active. Mr. Saunders was born in London, his father having been the senior member of the firm of Saunders & Otley, book publishers. He was well educated, and at the age of thirty he was sent to this country to endeavor to influence such action by Congress as would prevent American piracy of English books. His attempts to this end were not successful, although petitions for an international copyright were headed by such men as Irving, Bancroft, and Bryant. Mr. Saunders determined to remain in this country, and was engaged in various positions before becoming connected with the Astor Library. In 1859 he was appointed assistant librarian of the Astor Library, and in 1876 librarian, where he has continued ever since. Mr. Saunders is well known to book readers, particularly of the older generation, as the author of "Salad for the Solitary" and other once-popular volumes of light essays.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 48 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

New Studies in Literature. By Edward Dowden. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 451. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.

Bibliographica: A Magazine of Bibliography. Part VI., 4to, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.

Twenty-five Letters on English Authors. By Mary Fisher. 12mo, pp. 406. S. C. Griggs & Co. $1.50.

The Monist: A Quarterly Magazine. Vol. V.; 8vo, pp. 640. Open Court Pub'g Co. $3.

Moods: A Journal Intime. Edited by E. St. Elmo Lewis. Vol. 2; illus., 8vo, uncut. Philadelphia: The Jenson Press. $1.25.

Goethe's Faust. By Kuno Fischer; trans. by Harry Riggs Wolcott. Vol. I., Faust Literature before Goethe; 12mo, pp. 218. Manchester, Ia.: H. R. Wolcott.

HISTORY.

How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon: A True Romance. By Oliver W. Nixon, LL.D.; with Introduction by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 339. Chicago: Star Pub'g Co.

British Rule in Central America. By Ira D. Travis, Ph.M. 8vo, pp. 36. Publications of the Mich. Political Science Ass'n. 25 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Life of Sir James FitzJames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., A Judge of the High Court of Justice. By his Brother, Leslie Stephen. With Portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 504. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

Miguel de Cervantes: His Life and Works. By Henry Edward Watts. New edition, revised and enlarged; with portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 292. Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

Sonia Kovalevsky. Memoir by A. C. Leffler (Edgren), Reminiscences of Childhood, by Herself; translated by Louise von Cossel. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 317. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Li Hungchang. By Prof. Robert K. Douglas. With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 251. Warne's "Public Men of To-day." $1.25.

Lord John Russell. By Stuart J. Reid. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 381. Harper & Bros. $1.

Wolfe. By A. G. Bradley. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 214. Macmillan's "English Men of Action." 60 cts.

POETRY.

In Camphor. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 101. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

FICTION.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan. By James Morier. In 2 vols.; with portrait, 12mo, gilt tops, uncut. Stone & Kimball's "English Classics." $2.50.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. Illus., 12mo, pp. 413. Harper & Bros. $1.75.

"The Little Huguenot": A Romance of Fontainebleau. By Max Pemberton, author of "The Impregnable City." With portrait, 18mo, pp. 177. Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

When Charles the First Was King: A Romance of Osgoldeross, 1632–1649. By J. S. Fletcher. 12mo, pp. 418. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

The Story of a Marriage. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, author of "Richard Dare." New and revised edition; illus., gilt top, uncut, pp. 317. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

An Imaginative Man. By Robert S. Hitchens, author of "The Green Carnation." 12mo, pp. 287. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

The Veiled Doctor. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. 12mo, pp. 220. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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